

Bold and Underlined=POV Change
Underlined=Line Break
Bold=TV Script
Italics=Thoughts
Bold, Underlined, and Italics=Vision

Chapter 8

Y/N's POV

I was just laying down, thinking why Wednesday wanted me to escape the therapy session with her. It just doesn't seem like her to want others with her. I am thankful that she did let me, but I'm so confused. I need to talk to Enid about this, maybe she'll have some advice on what to do. I also need to make sure she doesn't gossip about it either. I love that girl, but she is a gossip queen, and in my opinion the gossip queen. I'm really falling in love with Wednesday Addams, and I hope she accepts me as her mate, even when I tell her about my past.

Before I could finish my thought, I heard someone playing the cello, and it was very beautiful. I love instruments like the cello, and I have a feeling on who is playing it. So, with that thought I got up to go over to Enid's and Wednesday's room to listen to her better. On my way there, I ran into Enid, so we just walked together.

Wednesday's POV

I was just finishing up playing my cello, when Thing asked me if I feel better.

"No, I don't really feel better," I replied to him, "there's just something wrong about this place. Not just because it's a school."

Just then the door to the balcony opened and revealed Enid and Y/N. They walked over to us.

"How the hell did you get that oversized violin out the window," Enid asked. I saw Y/N glare at her, and shaking her head.

"I-i-i-it's a ce-ce-ce-cello E-e-e-enid," she told Enid with a tone that says that she was offended by the comment. This almost made me smile at how cute she was being.

"I had an extra hand," I told her, with Thing showing himself. Enid looked at him with awe and slight fear.

"Whoa. Where's the rest of him," she asked, coming closer.

"It's one of the great Addams family mysteries," I told her. Then we heard howling in the distance. It's the full moon, so the werewolves have turned, but Enid is also a werewolf. She didn't turn, so I'm intrigued.

"Why aren't you wolfing out," I asked her. She looked down in what I assume is sadness.

"Because I can't," she replied, then she extended her nail towards me, "it's all I got. My mom says some wolves are late bloomers, but I've been to the best Lycanologist. I had to fly to Milwaukee, would you believe it. Yeah, she says there's a chance I may never..... you know."

"What happens then," I inquired.

"I'd become a lone wolf," she told me, still looking down. Y/N just walked over to her to comfort her, which didn't sit well with me.

"Sounds perfect," I told her, but Y/N just glared at me. I don't understand why, as being alone, well not completely alone with her, is a bad thing.

"Are you kidding me? My life would be officially over," she told me, with slight anger in her voice, "I'd be kicked out of my family pack with no prospect of finding a mate."

"I'm failing to see the problem here," I said, confused why someone wants to be with other people. I saw Y/N roll her eyes, and I had to hold my anger in, as she shouldn't be concerned about Enid at all, only me.

"I could die alone," she replied.

"We all die alone, Enid," I said.

"You really suck at this. Cheering people up," she said, then started to silently cry.

"Why are you crying," I asked her, completely uncomfortable with the situation.